

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 41.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., APRIL 8, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



Our Men's Furnishings Are Different

from the lines you'll find in ordinary haberdashers. You'll always find the quality a little better and the price more satisfactory. And you can get the latest novelties, you won't find in other shops.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

are the most popular suspenders in the world, because they're the most comfortable and durable. Their distinctive feature is the sliding action of the cord at the back, which permits perfect freedom of motion without the slightest strain on the shoulders or buttons.

NECKWEAR

We are proud of our assortment of men's fashionable neckwear. Nowhere can you find a greater variety of stylish shades and designs, suitable for all occasions—for business, dress and evening wear. And you will find our prices equally satisfactory.

HATS

Come to us for your new hat, and we guarantee to suit both your taste and your pocket-book. We have all the new, stylish shapes and shades—and our hats not only look well, but wear well.

SHOES

In all the correct models for the season, are ready for you at our store. Our shoes are famous throughout this section for their stylish appearance and long wear, and numbers of our customers get all their footwear here. We can fit you perfectly from our complete range of sizes.

A. W. PROCTOR

WOOD, GATES & CO.

In the Business World ADVERTISING is a great factor. The question often arises; Where does Advestising pay best? We are going to make a SPECIAL OFFER to readers of THE PRESS.

We will allow a discount of 10 per cent. on any merchandise purchased at our store by any person presenting this "Ad" to us on or before Saturday, April 16, 1910.

This is an opportune time to buy Dry Goods of all kinds: Suits, Coats, Capes, Graduation Dresses, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Matting, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, etc.

WOOD, GATES & Co., ORANGE, MASS



Kitchen Cabinet

We can deliver one in your house for \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per week.

George N. Kidder and Co.

\$6.75 \$6.75

We have just received another car load of the popular **EVANGELINE FLOUR**.

It looks like every family in town will soon be using it.

Evangeline Flour is the Best Flour in Northfield.

We guarantee 'Evangeline' to be absolutely satisfactory or your money back.

\$6.75 \$6.75

Bran, Middlings and Mixed Feed at less than cost.

C. E. Williams

Agent for Amherst Laundry

Are you thinking of planting a garden? If so

Go to
ROBBINS AND EVANS

and buy your seeds.

We have RICE'S, HAWKIN'S LAKE SHORE and FERRY'S SEEDS in packages, RICE'S Seeds in bulk.

Try WHITE MOUNTAIN GRASS SEEDS. They are a little higher in price but they are the cheapest when Quality is considered. Vitality 95 per cent; purity 92½ per cent.

If the grass on your lawn is thin sow some of our lawn grass seed, a mixture of fine grasses specially prepared for lawns.

Robbins and Evans
East Northfield.

Northfield

Rev. Dr. H. C. Mabie is in town. Frank Aldrich is in New York City. Miss Fannie Stockbridge is sick with tonsillitis.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clough on Monday, April 4.

Miss Mary Callahan is here for a vacation with her mother and brother.

Miss Madeline Long is in Springfield in a private hospital for treatment of the throat.

Herbert S. Stone is now in Paris on his way home. He will arrive in New York May 1.

W. S. Black was called to Leominster on Monday by the death of his sister, Mrs. Mattie Putnam.

Mrs. George Witte has gone to Allentown, Pa., to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Breinig.

Alton D. Elmer is covering the old route established by his father in the sale of Elmer's proprietary remedies.

Mr. Emerson Putnam of Williamsville, Vt., father of Mrs. Geo. N. Kidder, has rented the apartment over Bristol's store, and with his wife, will soon make it his home.

Ed. Bellows has moved into the Doane place and will carry on the ice business for Ira A. Hoxie, who recently purchased it.

Mrs. D. Everett Lyman went to Springfield Sunday to attend the funeral of Mr. George Gilmore, in whose family her son and daughter boarded for five years.

The Mt. Hermon musical societies, which gave such an excellent concert in the Town Hall March 28, will repeat their program next Monday evening in Stone Hall. Admission 25 cents.

The Woman's Relief Corps and Ladies' Society of the North church will load a car with old books, magazines and papers on April 15, to be turned into cash at the paper mill. Wagons will be sent around for contributions.

The following persons left last Tuesday to attend the state gathering in Tremont Temple of the G. A. R. and kindred societies: Jas. R. Hamilton, Rodney Doolittle, Fred L. Proctor, F. W. Doane, Mrs. Ella M. Lazelle, Mrs. Ella Tufts, Mrs. Jennie L. Proctor, Mrs. Emma Bigelow and Miss Bessie Irish.

Postmaster Webster has received a request from the P. O. Department at Washington to make known to all patrons of the rural delivery the desirability of painting their boxes and posts a pure white and also to affix their names and box numbers on the boxes in black letters two inches high. If this request is complied with it will greatly facilitate the work of the carriers and thus insure better service to the patrons.

Mrs. Ellen Mason, who has been with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Priest the most of the winter, has returned to her daughter's home in Boston.

A daughter was born at Metuchen, N. J., on March 31 to Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Frost. Mrs. Frost is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cummings.

Chas. W. Mattoon has invited the G. A. R. and Women's Relief corps to their annual gathering at Floral Cottage for an oyster dinner on April 15 at noon. After dinner these organizations will hold business meetings.

Northfield's natural beauty is being enhanced by the art of James T. Cummings, who has contracts for painting seven houses. Just at present he and his brother George are doing a fine job on the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Phelps.

George L. Bishop of Brattleboro, who is an expert forester, was in town last Monday. Mr. Doane drove him around the streets to see some of the trees that need doctoring. The town could not invest money in any better way for present enjoyment or future value than in the welfare of the trees.

The members of the Northfield High School who returned from Washington on Monday, had the pleasure of shaking hands with President Taft at the White House.

At a meeting of the Sons of Veterans held on Tuesday evening it was decided to build a new hall on the old site. The building committee will go ahead at once with plans.

Miss Persis Washer has been compelled to drop her school work on account of illness.

The Fortnightly.

A fair number of the members of the Fortnightly met on Monday for their annual meeting.

Hon. Mr. Farley in response to the petition sent last week to him by the club, in regard to the protection of wild fowls, said: 'I received your petition and will govern myself accordingly and do all I can in its favor.' Miss Daisy Holton rendered two excellent piano selections. The president, Mrs. N. P. Wood, as chairman of the meeting, called Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Fred Holton and Mrs. B. F. Field for the nominating committee. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. N. P. Wood; vice president, Mrs. Francis Stockbridge; secretary, Mrs. W. W. Coe; treasurer, Miss Gertrude Ball; literary committee, Mrs. Elliott Brown, Mrs. Fred Caldwell, Miss Pauline Sykes, Miss Sue Thompson, Mrs. Fred Holton and Mrs. Moody executive committee, Miss Inez Hall, Mrs. L. R. Smith, Mrs. N. P. Wood, Miss Sarah Minot, Mrs. Charles Webster, Miss N. Belle Woolcott; music committee, Mrs. Charles Williams, Mrs. Alvin George, Miss Haight, Miss Anna Alexander. The treasurer's report showed a balance of \$74.29. Each member present favored the study of France for another year. The literary committee are to report on this subject at the next regular meeting. A rising vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Wood in appreciation of her faithful services as president.

Mrs. Helen M. Smith.

Mrs. Helen M. Smith, mother of Rev. N. Fay Smith, passed away at her son's home on Highland avenue last Monday afternoon. She was in her 67th year, and has been feeble for some time. A brief service was held at the house on Tuesday at 3.30 p. m., conducted by Rev. L. S. Chafer. On Wednesday morning the body was taken to Haydensville for burial.

Mrs. C. W. Stebbins was visiting her son, Fred W. Crane, at Waterbury, Conn., last week, and has returned.

Fred Hale has just finished a fine job of interior decorating for Rev. Elliott W. Brown.

Mrs. John Reed and daughter, Isabel, are visiting Mrs. Reed's mother, Mrs. Thomas Cook.

Miss Julia Bardwell, whose health is improving, has gone to Montague to visit relatives.

A. M. Solandt and family were called to Springfield last week by the serious illness of his mother.

Mr. Crosby has returned from a visit to his home in Nova Scotia and will resume work on the Ridge.

Miss Persis Washer has been compelled to leave school on account of illness.

W. C. Roberts is working up a party for the Keene Chorus Festival next Thursday. A special train will run from South Vernon, returning at the close of the evening concert.

The center of town is now vastly improved by the repairing of the Belcher fountain light. This light is the real thing and gives us an idea of what the whole town will be when we get electricity.

"Please discontinue my 'horse for sale' ad," writes Mrs. Seaholm, "as I sold it yesterday to Mr. Chas. Parker." The 'ad' referred to appeared only once.

Mrs. F. W. Kellogg is visiting her parents in Ware, Mass.

At the auction of the Northfield Drug Store yesterday the stock and tools were bid in by the mortgagee, C. H. Webster.

The Creamery Association will sell buttermilk next Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock at the Town Hall for year beginning May 1.

Dwight L. Preston has sold through E. W. Brown, his property on South Main St. to Geo. O. Dunnell.

Rev. John McDowell of Newark, N. J., is lecturing at the Bible School and conducting daily chapel this week.

Mr. James S. Utley of New York, has issued invitations for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Catherine M. Utley, to George Edwin Hill on Wednesday, Apr. 20, in Grace Church, New York.

Rev. and Mrs. John McDowell of Newark, N. J., are at the Northfield.

John Callahan and his cousin John Maroney have bought the Trindle farm run for many years by James Wall.

Mrs. Banks returned on Wednesday from West Dover, N. H.

PROFESSIONAL

George T. Thompson, Dentist
190 Main St. East Northfield
Office Hours: 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., except Saturday afternoons.

A. L. Newton, M. D.
47 Main St.
Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., from 12.30 to 2.00 p. m., and from 7.00 to 8.30 p. m. Telephone 1.

N. P. Wood, M. D.
112 Main St.
Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., from 12 to 2 p. m., and from 6 to 8 p. m. Telephone 17-2.

R. H. Philbrick, M. D.
Main St., East Northfield
Office hours: 8. to 8.30 a. m., 1.30 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone 34-2.

Dr. C. G. Wheeler
Osteopathic Physician
117 Main St., Brattleboro, Vt.
Telephone connection

Charles H. Webster
Attorney and
Counselor at Law
Webster Block - Northfield, Mass.

A. R. MINER

Experienced

AUCTIONEER

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Northfield, Mass. Tel. 15-34.

WANTED

WANTED—Bids for building Glenwood Ave. Extension and grading to land of J. R. Hamilton.
Address Selectmen.

WANTED—Good Timber land.
Elliott W. Brown, Northfield.

FOR SALE—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price.
E. W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—About two tons of first class horse hay. Inquire of
A. G. Moody, East Northfield.

FOR SALE—Pure Stock Rhode Island Red Cockerel.
Mrs. A. D. Elmer

FOR SALE—A good Surrey.
PRESS Office.

FOR SALE—A few bushels of Choice early Potatoes and some extra Choice Seed Corn.
L. W. Turner.

FOR SALE—A 2 year old heifer.
Ed. O'Keefe.

FOR SALE—A Square Piano in good condition, recently tuned and repaired. Only \$35.
Mrs. Walter Doolittle.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—One six-room cottage on Elm Avenue. Inquire of John E. Nye.

FOR RENT—A desirable five room tenement with bath on Highland Avenue. Inquire of Mrs. E. M. Lazelle, East Northfield.

A lot of tracts and other literature of good quality was scattered broad cast on our streets and sidewalks last Saturday by a youth with more zeal than judgment. Presumably it was his own name stamped upon the back of each piece. We suggest that he use a more sensible way of reaching the people next time and one that does not violate the law. Throwing paper and litter in the streets is a misdemeanor and nuisance.

THROUGH THE WALL

By
CLEVELAND MOFFETT



Copyright, 1909, by D. Appleton & Co.

The capacity of the Latin mind for ingenious intrigue was never better illustrated than in this thrilling narrative. The author of "The Battle" has created a new detective genius in Paul Coquenil, the Parisian sleuth. He ranks with Sherlock Holmes, Vidocq and Martin Hewitt and in many respects distinctly outclasses them. A young American, in love with a mysterious French girl who sells candles in Notre Dame, finds himself in a tangled net that only the cunning brain of Coquenil can unravel. The marvelous personality of the woodcarver is depicted in one of the most masterful character studies in modern fiction. Action never halts, incident crowds on incident, romance and adventure mingle with sinister tragedy, and over all hovers the inspiring influence of the sweet young girl Alice, the Notre Dame candle seller, who combats the most malignant forces for evil in all France.

CHAPTER I A BLOOD RED SKY.

IT was late in the afternoon of a hot July day, the hottest day Paris had known that year (1907), and Paul Coquenil, the famous French detective, followed by a splendid white and brown shepherd dog, was walking down the Rue de la Clite past the somber mass of the City hospital. Before reaching the Place Notre Dame he stopped twice, once at a flower market that offered the grateful shade of its gnarled polenta trees just beyond the Conciergerie prison and once under the heavy archway of the prefecture of police. At the flower market he bought a white carnation from a woman in a green apron and wooden shoes, who looked in awe at his pale, grave face and thrilled when he gave her a smile and friendly word. She wondered if it were true, as people said, that M. Coquenil always wore glasses with a slightly bluish tint so that no one could see his eyes.

The detective walked on, busy with pleasant thoughts. This was the hour of his triumph and justification. This made up for the cruel blow that had fallen two years before and resulted, no one understood why, in his leaving the Paris detective force at the very moment of his glory, when the whole city was praising him for the St. Germain investigation. Beau Coconot! That was the name they had given him. He could hear the night crowds shouting it in a silly couplet:

Il naut faut-o
Beau Coconot!

And then what a change within a week! What bitterness and humiliation! M. Paul Coquenil, after scores of brilliant successes, had withdrawn from the police force for personal reasons, said the newspapers. His health was affected, some declared. He had laid by a tidy fortune and wished to enjoy it, thought others. But many shook their heads mysteriously and whispered that there was something queer in all this. Coquenil himself said nothing.

But now facts would speak for him more eloquently than any words. Now, within twenty-four hours it would be announced that he had been chosen on the recommendation of the Paris police department to organize

the defective service of a foreign capital, with a life position at the head of this service and a much larger salary than he had ever received, a larger salary, in fact, than Paris paid to its own chief of police.

Coquenil and the dog advanced toward the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, directing their steps to the left hand portal under the northern tower. And presently there appeared a white bearded sacristan in a three cornered hat of blue and gold and a gold embroidered coat.

"Ah, Bonneton, my friend!" said Coquenil.

"Good evening, M. Paul," answered the other, while he patted the dog affectionately. "Shall I take Caesar?"

"One moment, I have news for you." Then, while the other listened anxiously, he told of his brilliant appointment in Rio de Janeiro and of his imminent departure. He was sailing for Brazil in three days.

"Mon Dieu!" murmured Bonneton in dismay. "Sailing for Brazil! So our friends leave us. Of course I'm glad for you. It's a great chance, but—will you take Caesar?"

"I couldn't leave my dog, could I?" smiled Coquenil.

"Of course not! Of course not! And such a dog! You've been kind to let him guard the church since old Max died. Come, Caesar! Just a moment, M. Paul."

How the course of events would have been changed had Paul Coquenil remained outside Notre Dame on this occasion it is impossible to know. The fact is he did not remain outside; but, growing impatient at Bonneton's delay, he pushed open the double swinging doors, with their coverings of leather and red velvet, and entered the sanctuary. Immediately he saw a girl.

She was in the shadows near a statue of the Virgin before which candles were burning. On the table were rosaries and talismans and candles of different lengths that it was evidently the girl's business to sell. In front of the Virgin's shrine was a prie-dieu, at which a woman was kneeling, but she presently rose and went out, and the girl sat there alone. When she lifted her eyes he saw that they were dark and beautiful, though tinged with sadness. He was surprised to find this lovely young woman selling candles here in Notre Dame church.

And suddenly he was more surprised, for as the girl glanced up she met his gaze fixed on her, and immediately there came into her face a look so strange, so glad and yet so frightened that Coquenil went to her quickly with reassuring smile. He was sure he had never seen her before, yet he realized that somehow she was equally sure that she knew him.

What followed was seen by only one person—that is, the sacristan's wife, a big, hard faced woman with a faint mustache and a wart on her chin, who sat by the great column near the door dispensing holy water out of a cracked saucer and whining for pennies. Nothing escaped the hawklike eyes of Mother Bonneton, and now, with growing curiosity, she watched the scene between Coquenil and the candle seller. What interest could a great detective have in this girl, Alice, whom she and her husband had taken in as a half charity boarder?

"Holy saints, how she talks!" grumbled the sacristan's wife. "And see the eyes she makes! And how he listens! The man must be crazy to waste his time on her! Now he asks a question, and she talks again with that queer, faraway look. He frowns and clinches his hands, and, upon my soul, he seems afraid of her!"

The incident wrought an extraordinary change in Coquenil. He looked worn, almost haggard, as he walked to the church door with face set in an ominous frown. "There's some devil's work in this," he muttered.

"What is it?" asked the sacristan.

The detective faced him sharply.

"Who is the girl in there? Where did she come from?" He stopped abruptly and pressed the fingers of his two hands against his forehead. "No, no!" he changed. "Don't tell me yet. I must be alone. I must think. Come to me at 9 tonight."

"Yes, yes," murmured the sacristan,

following him. "But, M. Paul—er— which day do you sail?"

Coquenil snapped angrily, "I may not sail at all!"

A day of sinister portent this must have been, for scarcely had Coquenil left Notre Dame than another scene was enacted there that should have been happy, but, alas, was not. And again it was the girl who made trouble, this seller of candles, with her wistful dark eyes. A pathetic figure she was, sitting there alone in the somber church—quite alone now, for it was closing time. Mother Bonneton had shuffled off rheumatically after a cutting word—she knew better than to ask what had happened—and the old sacristan was making his round of the galleries, securing doors and windows.

With a shiver of apprehension Alice turned away from the whispering shadows and went to the Virgin's shrine, where she knelt and tried to pray. But she found it a difficult matter. Lloyd Kittredge—how often she had murmured that name in her lonely hours! He would be here shortly for his answer.

And, alas, she must say "No" to him. She must give him pain. She could not hope to make him understand. How could any one understand? And then perhaps he would misjudge her. Perhaps he would leave her in anger and not come back any more. Not come back any more!

A descending step on the tower stairs broke in upon her meditations, and she rose quickly from her knees. The sacristan had finished his rounds and was coming to close the outer doors. It was time for her to go. And, with a glance at her hair in a little glass and a touch to her hat, she went out into the garden back of Notre Dame, where she knew her lover would be waiting.

"Ah, at last!" he exclaimed, springing toward her, with a mirthful, boyish smile. He was a man of twenty-seven, slender of build, but carrying himself well.

She tried to speak gayly, but he was not deceived and answered seriously in French:

"Hold on. There's something wrong. We've been sad, eh?"

"Why—er— she began, "I—er—"

"Been worrying, I know. Too much church, too much of that old she dragon. Come over here and tell me about it." He led her to a bench shaded by a friendly sycamore tree. Kittredge thrilled under the spell of her beauty. He longed to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"Suppose we go back a little," he said reassuringly. "About six months ago, I think it was in January, a young chap in a fur overcoat drifted into this old stone barn and took a turn around it. He saw the treasure and the fake relics and the white marble French gentleman trying to get out of his coffin, and he didn't care a hang about any of 'em until he saw you. Then he began to take notice. The young fellow with the fur overcoat kept coming back and coming back, only soon he came without his overcoat."

"In bitter cold weather," she said reproachfully.

"He was pretty blue that day, wasn't he? Dead sore on the game. Money all blown in, overcoat up the spout, nothing ahead and a whole year of—of darned foolishness behind. Excuse me, but that's what it was. Well, he blew in that day, and—he walked over to where you were sitting, you darling little saint!"

"No, no," murmured Alice; "not a saint, only a poor girl who saw you were unhappy and—was sorry."

Their eyes met tenderly, and for a moment neither spoke. Then Kittredge went on unsteadily: "Anyhow, you were kind to me, and I opened up a little. I told you a few things, and when I went away I felt more like a man. I said to myself, 'Lloyd Kittredge, if you're any good you'll cut out this thing that's been raising the dickens with you—excuse me, but that's what it was—and you'll make a new start right now.' And I did it. There's a lot you don't know, but you can bet all your rosaries and relics

that I've made a fair fight since then. I've worked and—been decent, and—I did it all for you." He caught her hand in his, and she felt his warm breath on her cheek. "All for you. You know that, don't you, Alice?"

She drew her hand away and forced herself to say, "You mustn't do that!" He looked at her in surprise. "Why not?"

"Because I cannot be what you—what you want me to be," she answered, looking down.

"I want you to be my wife."

"I know." She lifted her eyes bravely and faced him. "It is true, Lloyd. I can never be your wife."

"But why? Why?"

"I cannot tell you," she faltered. "Is it something you've heard that I've done or—or not done? Don't be afraid to hurt my feelings. God knows I was a fool, but I've kept straight since I knew you. I'll swear to that."

"I believe you, dear."

"You care for me, and yet you turn me down," he said bitterly.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Then you will never be my wife, no matter how long I wait?"

"That's it," she sobbed.

Kittredge rose, eying her sternly. "I understand," he said, "or rather I don't understand, but there's no use talking any more. I'll take my medicine, and—good-by."

She looked at him in frightened supplication. "You won't leave me? Lloyd, you won't leave me?"

He laughed harshly. "What do you think I am—a jumping jack for you to pull a string and make me dance? Well, I guess not. Leave you? Of course I'll leave you. I wish I had never seen you. I'm sorry I ever came inside this blooming church. You don't play fair, he went on recklessly. "You haven't played fair at all. You knew I loved you, and you led me on, and this is the end of it."

He turned away impatiently and glanced at his watch.

"Lloyd," she said gently, "come to the house tonight."

"Got an appointment—a banquet."

She looked at him in surprise. "You didn't tell me."

"It is at the Ansonia. It's a new restaurant on the Champs Elysees, very swell. I didn't tell you because—well, because I didn't."

"Lloyd," she whispered, "don't go to the banquet."

"Don't go? Why, this is our national holiday. I'm down to tell some stories. I've got to go. Besides, I wouldn't come to you, anyway. What's the use? I've said all I can, and you've said 'No.' So it's all off—that's right, Alice, it's all off." His eyes were kinder now, but he spoke firmly.

"Lloyd," she begged, "come after the banquet. I ask it for you. I—"

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that I've made a fair fight since then. I've worked and—been decent, and—I did it all for you." He caught her hand in his, and she felt his warm breath on her cheek. "All for you. You know that, don't you, Alice?"

She drew her hand away and forced herself to say, "You mustn't do that!" He looked at her in surprise. "Why not?"

"Because I cannot be what you—what you want me to be," she answered, looking down.

"I want you to be my wife."

"I know." She lifted her eyes bravely and faced him. "It is true, Lloyd. I can never be your wife."

"But why? Why?"

"I cannot tell you," she faltered. "Is it something you've heard that I've done or—or not done? Don't be afraid to hurt my feelings. God knows I was a fool, but I've kept straight since I knew you. I'll swear to that."

"I believe you, dear."

"You care for me, and yet you turn me down," he said bitterly.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Then you will never be my wife, no matter how long I wait?"

"That's it," she sobbed.

Kittredge rose, eying her sternly. "I understand," he said, "or rather I don't understand, but there's no use talking any more. I'll take my medicine, and—good-by."

She looked at him in frightened supplication. "You won't leave me? Lloyd, you won't leave me?"

He laughed harshly. "What do you think I am—a jumping jack for you to pull a string and make me dance? Well, I guess not. Leave you? Of course I'll leave you. I wish I had never seen you. I'm sorry I ever came inside this blooming church. You don't play fair, he went on recklessly. "You haven't played fair at all. You knew I loved you, and you led me on, and this is the end of it."

He turned away impatiently and glanced at his watch.

"Lloyd," she said gently, "come to the house tonight."

"Got an appointment—a banquet."

She looked at him in surprise. "You didn't tell me."

"It is at the Ansonia. It's a new restaurant on the Champs Elysees, very swell. I didn't tell you because—well, because I didn't."

"Lloyd," she whispered, "don't go to the banquet."

"Don't go? Why, this is our national holiday. I'm down to tell some stories. I've got to go. Besides, I wouldn't come to you, anyway. What's the use? I've said all I can, and you've said 'No.' So it's all off—that's right, Alice, it's all off." His eyes were kinder now, but he spoke firmly.

"Lloyd," she begged, "come after the banquet. I ask it for you. I—"

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Paced Too Rapidly.

"Walter, ask the orchestra to play something different."

"Any particular selection, sir?"

"Something slower. I can't chew my food properly in waltz time."

Kansas City Journal.

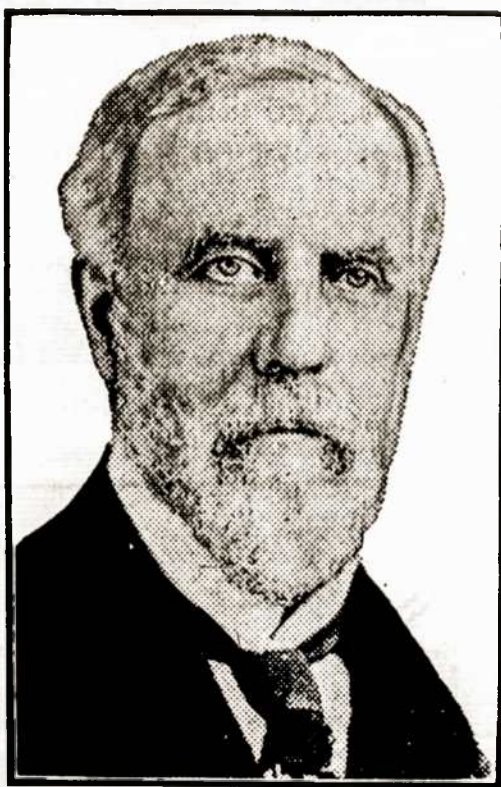
WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW

Instructions Relative to the Taking of the Farm Census.

QUESTIONS SURE TO BE ASKED

By Preparing an Accurate Statement of Their Farm Operations and Making an Inventory of Their Possessions Farmers Will Speed the Work.

By preparing an accurate account of their farm operations during the year ended Dec. 31, 1909, and by making an inventory on April 15, 1910, of all their farm possessions the farmers of the country can render the census bureau and the public at large an inestimable service. It is not to be expected that farmers will ever keep as complete accounts as do manufacturers and merchants. The very nature of their occupation—the long hours and arduous labor of the summer months—are a partial bar to



LE GRAND POWERS, HEAD OF AGRICULTURAL DIVISION.

scientific bookkeeping. The fact that a large part of his daily bread is supplied from his own farm instead of being purchased out of cash on hand naturally causes the farmer to place an uncertain value on the products consumed in his home. Nevertheless a constantly increasing number of farmers are keeping accurate records of their daily receipts and expenses and of the exact quantities of all classes of products grown or raised.

In order that the great majority of farmers who do not ordinarily keep book records of their farm operations may be given an opportunity to familiarize themselves with the scope of the census to be taken this year an outline of the schedule is here presented. Every farm operator is strongly urged to study this outline carefully and to write down the answer to each question as soon as the necessary information becomes available. When completed the notebook should be laid aside for reference when the enumerator calls. Questions to be asked concerning farm property will be these:

First.—Total value of farm, with all buildings and improvements.
Second.—Value of buildings.
Third.—Value of all improvements and machinery, including tools, wagons, carriages, harnesses, etc., and all appliances and apparatus used in farming operations.
Fourth.—Number and value of domestic animals, classified as follows:

Cattle—(a) Born before Jan. 1, 1909: Cows and heifers kept for milk, cows and heifers not kept for milk, steers and bulls kept for work, steers and bulls not kept for work.
(b) Born in 1909: Heifers, steers and bulls.
(c) Calves born in 1910.
Horses—All horses born before Jan. 1, 1909; colts born after Jan. 1, 1909; colts born after Jan. 1, 1910.
Mules—All mules born before Jan. 1, 1909; mule colts born after Jan. 1, 1909; mule colts born after Jan. 1, 1910.
Asses and burros, all ages.
Swine—Hogs born before Jan. 1, 1910; pigs born after Jan. 1, 1910.
Sheep—Ewes born before Jan. 1, 1910; rams and wethers born before Jan. 1, 1910; lambs born after Jan. 1, 1910.
Goats and kids, all ages.

Fifth.—Number and value of poultry over three months old: Chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea fowls, pigeons.
Sixth.—Number and value of swarms of bees.

The census will not ask the value of household goods nor that of hay, grain or other farm crops on hand on April 15. These items should be included, however, by all desiring a complete inventory of their farm property.

The Actual Value.

The value given to the farm should be as nearly as can be judged the amount that could be obtained for it if offered for sale under normal conditions. Current market prices should be carefully considered in estimating the value of live stock.

Although the census merely requires a statement of total value of all implements and machinery, it is believed that a classification of these items under the following four heads will be found valuable:

First.—Vehicles, comprising automobiles, wagons, carriages and sleighs and equip-

ment used in connection with them, as harnesses, blankets, whips, etc.
Second.—Heavy farm implements, comprising all implements and machinery operated by any power other than hand power, as plows, harrows, rollers, reapers, mowers, hay loaders, feed grinders, etc.

Third.—Hand machinery and tools, including carpenters' tools, hoes, shovels, scythes, forks, grindstones, fanning mills, etc.
Fourth.—Miscellaneous articles, including all such minor equipment as kettles, pails, barrels, baskets, ladders, ropes, chains, etc., not included in the first three classes.

Many farmers greatly underestimate the total value of their possessions of this character when considering them in the aggregate, and it is only by preparing an itemized list, as suggested above, that an accurate estimate of their worth can be made. The value assigned this class of property in the inventory should be the estimated amount it would bring at public auction under favorable conditions.

No special blanks or forms are necessary for preparing an inventory. An ordinary notebook answers all purposes, but it should be large enough to admit of carrying the figures for at least five years in parallel columns. This facilitates comparison of the figures for different years. Some may find it more convenient or desirable to take stock on Jan. 1 than on April 15. It will be a simple matter to bring such an inventory up to date when the census enumerator calls.

As in the case of the farm inventory no special blanks are required for the record of farm products of 1909. An ordinary notebook with leaves at least six inches wide will be found convenient. The following information will be called for:

First.—Farm expenses in 1909:

(a) Amount spent in cash for farm labor, exclusive of housework.
(b) Estimated value of house rent and board furnished farm laborers in addition to cash wages paid.
(c) Amount spent for hay, grain and other produce (not raised on the farm) for feed of domestic animals and poultry.
(d) Amount spent for manure and other fertilizers.

Not Too Curious.

No inquiry is made regarding household or personal expenses or expenditures for repairs or improvements. Each of the four questions asked is of fundamental importance in its bearing on agriculture as an industry.

Second.—Live stock: (a) Number of young animals of each kind born on the farm in 1909.

(b) Number of animals of each kind purchased in 1909 and the amount paid, number sold and amount received and number and value of those slaughtered on the farm.

Third.—Dairy products:

(a) Quantities and value of milk, butter and cheese produced on the farm in 1909.
(b) Quantities of milk, butter, cream, butter fat and cheese sold in 1909 and amounts received.

Fourth.—Poultry and eggs:

(a) Value of poultry of all kinds raised in 1909, whether sold, consumed or on hand.
(b) Amount received from poultry sold in 1909.

(c) Quantity and value of eggs produced in 1909.
(d) Quantity and value of eggs sold in 1909.

Fifth.—Wool and mohair: Number and total weight of fleeces shorn in 1909 and amount received from sales.

Sixth.—Crops:

For each crop harvested on the farm in 1909 give the number of acres, the quantity produced and the value of the products. The number of acres of each crop to be planted for harvest in 1910 will also be called for by the enumerator. This cannot be determined much before the date of the enumeration. Instead of giving the number of acres in orchards and vineyards, give as nearly as possible the number of trees and vines of bearing age. The quantity of certain fruit products, as cider, vinegar, wine and dried fruits, produced in 1909 will be required, as will also the quantity and value of sugar, sirup and molasses produced from cane, sorghum, sugar beets and maple trees.

Seventh.—Sales of specified products in 1909:

A considerable part of the annual production of corn, oats, barley, Kaffir corn, milo maize, hay, flax fiber and straw, other straw, cornstalks and cotton seed is usually consumed on the farm. Owing to this fact a report will be asked concerning the quantity of each of these products sold in 1909 and the amounts realized therefrom.

Eighth.—Forest products: The value of all forest products cut or produced in 1909 for farm consumption will be asked, as will also the value of similar products cut or produced for sale, including receipts from the sale of standing timber.

Ninth.—Irrigation: Farmers who irrigate their land will be asked to report the source from which water is obtained, the number of acres of pasture land irrigated and the total irrigated acreage.

This outline covers every important question that will be asked concerning the farm products of 1909. American agriculture is so diversified and so highly specialized in many of its branches that any schedule designed to secure a fairly complete exhibit of its resources and operations must necessarily contain a large number of inquiries. The average farm operator will not be called upon to answer one-seventh of the printed questions; hence the somewhat formidable appearance of the schedule should occasion no alarm.

No one should attempt to complete a farm schedule in one evening, but the work should be divided as indicated in the above outline, one evening being given up to farm expenses, a second to live stock, a third to dairy products, and so on through the list. In this way each topic can be given the consideration it deserves, and the resulting figures are certain to be more accurate than if compiled hastily.

The measure of a man's sin is the difference between what he is and what he might be.—Jordan.

The census law with reference to population requires that the enumerator's questions shall for each inhabitant call for—

"The name, relationship to head of family, color, sex, age, conjugal condition, place of birth, place of birth of parents, number of years in the United States, citizenship, occupation, whether or not employer or employee and if employee, whether or not employed at the date of enumeration (April 15, 1910), and the number of months unemployed during the preceding calendar year (1909), whether or not engaged in agriculture, school attendance, literacy and tenure of home and whether or not a survivor of the Union or Confederate army or navy, and the name and address of each blind or deaf and dumb person."

The same law with reference to agriculture requires that the enumerator's questions shall for each inhabitant call for—

"The name, color and country of birth of occupant of each farm, tenure, acreage of farm, acreage of woodland and character of timber thereon, value of farm and improvements, value of farm implements, number and value of live stock on farms and ranges, number and value of domestic animals not on farms and ranges and the acreage of crops planted and to be planted during the year of enumeration and the acreage of crops and the quantity and value of crops and other farm products for the year ending Dec. 31 next preceding the enumeration."

All questions relating to population and the inventory of farm equipment apply to conditions existing only on April 15, the "census day."

The census bureau's instructions to enumerators with reference to the enumeration of the population present some important and interesting distinctions.

Persons living on April 15, 1910, but who died after it and before enumerators call, are to be counted, but persons born after April 15 are not to be included in the count. Persons who were single on April 15 are to be reported as single even though they have married subsequently and before the canvasser has called. This is true similarly of persons who become widowed or divorced after April 15.

The census law provides that all persons shall be enumerated at their "usual place of abode" on April 15. This means the place where they may be said to live or belong or the place which is their home. As a rule, the usual place of abode is not the place where a person works or where he eats, but where he regularly sleeps. The enumerators are cautioned, however, that where a man happens to sleep at the time of the enumeration may not be the place where he regularly sleeps.

As to Absentees.

If any one in an enumeration district is temporarily away from home on a visit or on business or traveling for pleasure or attending school or college or sick in a hospital such absent person is to be enumerated and included with other members of the family. But a son or daughter regularly living in another locality should not be counted with the family at home.

Servants, laborers or other employees who live with the family and sleep in the same house or on the premises should be enumerated with the family.

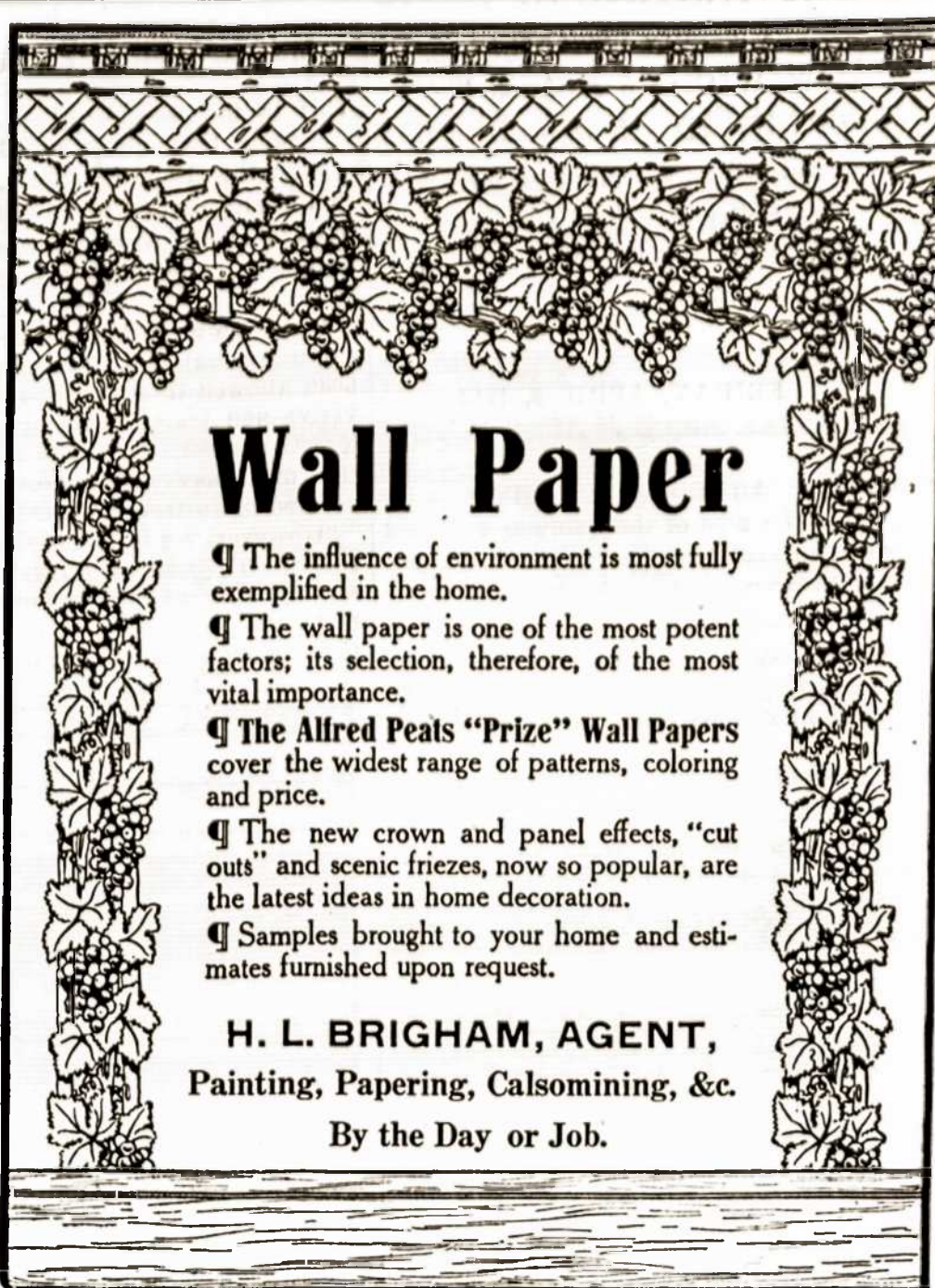
The census bureau states that there will be, on the other hand, a certain number of persons present and perhaps lodging and sleeping in districts at the time of the enumeration who do not have their usual place of abode there. These are not to be enumerated. It must be assumed that they will be enumerated elsewhere. They should not, therefore, unless it is practically certain that they will not be enumerated anywhere else, enumerate or include with the members of a family they are enumerating any of the following classes:

Persons visiting a family, transient boarders or lodgers who have some other usual or permanent place of abode, students or children living or boarding with a family in order to attend some school, college or other educational institution in the locality, but not regarding the place as their home; persons who take their meals with a family, but lodge or sleep elsewhere; servants, apprentices or other persons employed by a family and working in the house or on the premises, but not sleeping there, or any person who was formerly in a family, but has since become a permanent inmate of an asylum, almshouse, home for the aged, reformatory, prison or any other institution in which the inmates may remain for long periods of time.

The words "dwelling house" and "family" are, for census purposes, given a much wider application than they have in ordinary speech. A "dwelling" is defined as a place in which at the time of the census one or more persons regularly sleep. It need not be a house in the common meaning of the word.

A Census Family.

A "family," as a census term, may mean a group of individuals who occupy jointly a dwelling place or part of a dwelling place or an individual living alone in any place of abode. All the occupants and employees of a hotel, if they regularly sleep there, make up a single family because they occupy one dwelling place, and persons living alone are regarded as families.



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WILLIAM M. STEWART, HEAD OF MANUFACTURES DIVISION.

The enumerators are required to enter on the schedule the name of every person whose usual place of abode on April 15, 1910, was with the family or in the dwelling place for which the enumeration is being made. The head of the family is to be entered first, then the wife, next the children, whether sons or daughters, in the order of their ages, and, lastly, all other persons living with the family, whether relatives, boarders, lodgers or servants.

If any adult refuses or willfully neglects to answer the questions on the enumerator's list or if he or she willfully gives answers that are false, he or she will be arrested, carried to court and fined up to \$100. Keepers of hotels, apartment houses, boarding or lodging houses, tenements or other buildings in which people make their homes must help the enumerator when requested or they will be arrested, carried to court and fined up to \$500.

It is everybody's duty to help make the next census, which is the thirtieth taken since the year 1790, an accurate statement of the population conditions in the United States as they actually exist April 15, 1910. It is not only their duty; it is the law.

JUST WHISTLE.

"Oh, when you've got signs of a grouch
An' your ole sore head's a-feelin' 'Ouch!'
When you are gittin' sorter blue
An' them ole corns are stingin', too,
An' knockin' you would like to do
An' hanker fur a rag to chew,
Jist whistle.

Yep, when that big chump stands in your way,
Or that ole bore is gittin' gay,
Or wife has overmuch to say,
Or her ma tells you you're a jay,
Or you have big hat bills to pay
An' everything goes the wrong way,
Jist whistle.

When your cash balance is down low
An' money comes in awful slow,
When your digester goes all wrong
An' life no longer seems a song,
When wheels are buzzin' in your head
An' you are feelin' almost dead,
Jist whistle.

Yep, turn 'er on, a lively tune,
An' see them clouds skip away soon;
Yep, toot 'er up, a merry blast,
An' trouble will skeddaddle fast.
Ole man, if you would make folks smile
An' walk a short an' easy mile,
Jist whistle.

C. M. BARNITZ.

AN EPITAPH.

HE sang a simple forest song.
To him the day was never long
Amid the blooms and feathered throng
He loved with all his heart.
He took the hand he knew was pure.
He preached the faith he felt was sure.
God taught him how he should endure
And gird him to depart.
—Norman Gale.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1910

An Interesting Relic.

At the time of the burning of the old church, better known perhaps as Sons of Veterans' hall, a lookout was kept for the corner stone and its possible contents. A box was found, made of sheet lead, about 9 inches long, 4 inches wide and 2 inches deep and left in the custody of Miss Mary Dutton, the church clerk. Arthur Proctor, representing the Sons of Veterans, opened the box a day or two after the fire and found the contents to be so charred and then water-soaked as to be totally undecipherable. It was allowed to dry out and has recently been re-examined with knife and magnifying glass and its contents determined. So far as can be deciphered, it contained only a copy of "The Christian Almanac" for the year 1828. This seems to have been published by the American Tract society and to contain various interesting features besides the almanac proper. Among them were words of counsel for the Christian as to his use of the Bible and good literature; advice to farmers about practical matters of interest to them, such as the best time to sow rye and how much per acre, proper food for fattening cattle, etc.; also advice about other practical matters, such as the proper method of drinking water from a running stream without a cup. There were also reports of various religious organizations apparently for the year preceding. The pages were so charred and stuck together that it was possible to get them apart only in

There's a lot of hard work in connection with publishing a weekly newspaper, but our burdens are very materially lightened by the friendly interest and help rendered weekly by Mrs. Nellie F. Alexander and Mrs. F. B. Caldwell, who from the beginning have given us a lot of news that otherwise would probably have been passed by. They belong to the Booster club, but not to the Knockers.

The most lasting advance that is being made in temperance comes from the economic side, the recognition by employers and especially those handling public service corporations, that they cannot afford to employ men who drink liquor. The Northwestern elevated railroad of Chicago, for example, recently posted the following notice:—"No employee is allowed to use liquor in any form when on duty and no employee will be allowed to work when there is any indication that he has used liquor in any form before coming to work, and the smell of liquor about him will be sufficient. Employees who are noted as having used liquor when off duty, or who are found to frequent saloons when off duty, will be deemed habitual users of liquor and are subject to dismissal from the service. Employees who go into saloons when on duty in any capacity will be discharged. This sets forth the policy that is in force on every railroad entering Chicago—and everywhere else, for that matter—while thousands of manufacturing establishments and stores take the same position in effect, either through printed rules or the well-understood attitude of the firm or corporation. What is true of Chicago applies generally throughout the business world. The old type of hail-fellow well met commercial traveler, whose first thought was to "take a drink" is rapidly passing. There are a few of them left capable of attracting custom, who are tolerated because of long service, but the young men entering on that line of work must cut out liquor for themselves or are compelled by their employers to do so. One does not have to be very old to have witnessed an amazing revolution in this matter. It is one of the marks of uplift that the observer of open mind can notice in American life all along the line. The pessimists need to look around them, and cheer up; the old world is getting better, year by year!—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

Worth Trying.

A tucker for the henhouse
The farmer should supply
The hens agree
Could watch the tape
And see when eggs are high.

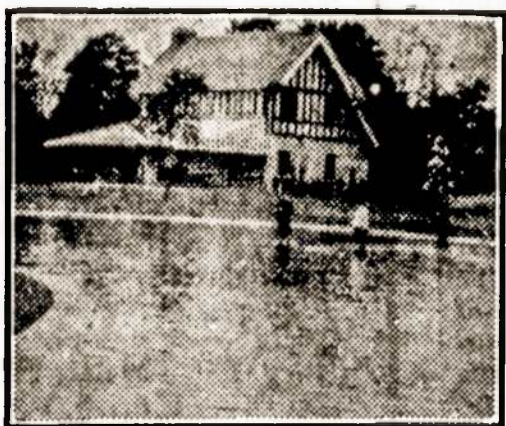
A tucker for the henhouse
Large dividends should pay.
The hens could note
The rates we quote
And know just when to lay.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MUST CITIES BE UGLY?

This is the Question That Confronts People Throughout the Country. Must the cities be ugly? This question is propounded in Harper's Weekly by Arnold W. Brunner, who has this to say, among other things, on the subject:

"So much attention has been paid to the individual that the community has been allowed to suffer, and the conservative and jealous care of private interests has been carried to such a point that most necessary improvements are delayed or entirely defeated."

"However, we do not despair for our future. The love of beauty is growing rapidly, and, while it was once thought to be the prerogative of the rich, it is now understood to be the right of



PUBLIC PLAYGROUND AND WADING POOL. (From American City Magazine, New York.)

every citizen. The elevation of thought and mind that comes with association and a belief in beauty is apt to be disregarded in this materialistic age.

"The time has come when the street system cries aloud for readjustment. The demand for new parks and small open squares to provide breathing spaces for the poor and playgrounds for the children has met with a general acceptance. Well planned schools arranged so that sunlight will cheer and purify every room and corridor are now being erected, and nothing satisfies us that falls short of the new standard. Beautiful interiors, harmoniously colored, with mural paintings in the assembly rooms, teaching the lessons of history and art, are willingly provided for our public schools.

"Problems like these can only be solved by a consistently prepared plan for the entire city, by a scheme for the general arrangement of streets and thoroughfares devised by men who do not believe that a bridge may be independent of its approaches and that a park needs no boulevards to reach it."

Patrick Henry's Fee.

It is said of Patrick Henry that during his practice of law in the Virginia courts and when he was familiarly addressed as "governor" a man who had been arrested for stealing a hog and who was out on bail went to the governor to have him defend him.

The governor said, "Did you walk away with that shoat?"

"I don't like to say."

"Out with it."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got the carcass?"

"Yes, sir."

"You go home, you wretch, cut the pig lengthwise in half and hang as much of it in my smokehouse as you keep in yours."

At court the governor said, "Your honor, this man has no more of that stolen shoat than I have."

The man was cleared.—National Monthly.

A Lincoln Story.

When Lincoln, a struggling lawyer, was doing circuit duty in Ohio he once visited a country town where the general storekeeper had the reputation of adulterating, even to the danger point, his cider. In the midst of a general condemnation of this storekeeper Lincoln rose one night from his seat by the hotel stove.

"Come on, boys," he said. And he led a party of a half dozen lawyers and judges to the general store.

"Let me have a quart of cider," he said to the storekeeper.

"Yes, sir," was the cordial reply. "And which grade, sir—the ripe, at 3 cents; the mellow, at 2, or the new, at 1?"

"It doesn't matter which grade, mister," Lincoln drawled. "I only want to poison a dog."

On the basis of its value in increasing crop production fresh manure is rated as having a value of \$2.25 per ton, and experiments which have been made show that it will lose one-third of its value if it is allowed to leach for three months. This is not a large loss on a single ton, but it means that 100 tons of such fertilizer would be worth \$225 and that the loss referred to would be \$75, enough to buy a manure spreader or give the boy eight weeks at an agricultural college.

A Warrior's Wardrobe.

In the Russian campaign the personal baggage of Napoleon's brother, Jerome Bonaparte, contained 60 pairs of boots, 200 shirts and 318 pocket handkerchiefs. The transportation of his wardrobe entire required several heavy wagons, while his whole campaigning kit stretched over half a mile.

SOME WOMEN OF INTEREST

Best Dressed Ones In Washington.
Only One Girl Among 600
College Men—Kentucky's Oil
Queen Was a Stenographer.

WASHINGTON, the nation's capital, naturally has many women who vie one with another for superiority in dress. There are gathered representative women from every state and territory of our own land and from all the nations of the earth which send diplomatic agents to the United States. It would be unfair to several other "congressional ladies," perhaps, to say that Mrs. Edwin Y. Webb, wife of one of the congressmen from North Carolina, is the best dressed woman in Washington. Yet there are those who do say it. Mrs. Webb is shown in the illustration garbed in a gown made in the Philippines from pineapple fiber. She is a handsome young woman and attracts much attention



MRS. EDWIN Y. WEBB.

in society. Another well dressed woman of the congressional set is Mrs. Polite Elvins, wife of the Missourian who is next to the youngest member of the house. Mrs. Elvins is described as a spirituelle beauty, dainty as a dream. She comes from the great lead mining region in southeast Missouri, her home town being named for her husband's own family.

One Co-ed Among 600 Men.

How would you like to be the only girl student among 600 men? That is the distinction enjoyed—yes, and really enjoyed, it is said—by Miss Helen Cook, who is the first girl to matriculate in William Jewell college at Liberty, Mo., since 1896. It is a Baptist institution, founded in 1849, but the co-educational idea seems never to have been popular there. Next June Miss Cook will be graduated. Then she will sail for Europe, where she intends to continue her French and German linguistic studies. The college professors say she easily leads her classes in the recitation rooms, and the college boys are said to fall over themselves for the honor of being her escort at local functions. Miss Cook is called "the college divinity." Her friends say she is compelled to exercise much tact in order to get sufficient time away from her admirers, her fellow students, to pursue her own studies.

Stenographer Is Oil Queen.

Thirteen years ago a stenographer at \$10 a week, today one of the richest women in Kentucky and known as "the oil queen"—that is the brief story of the rapid rise of Ora Hood. When she was eighteen years of age she worked as a lawyer's stenographer, then became amanuensis to a minister who was writing books. She met an oil operator named Russell, whom she married. The match was unhappy, and they separated, but Mrs. Russell had learned something about oil as well as matrimony. She had become an oil "spotter." Down in Venezuela she saw oodles of oil land, and she tried to interest American capital without avail. But on a trip to Kentucky she discovered traces of oil and took leases of many thousands of acres. The first "shot" developed oil of amazing richness and flow. Mrs. Russell now lives on the shady side of Easy street. She hails from Bloomington, Ill.

"Marrying Judge" a Woman.

There's a woman in Kansas, Mrs. Mary H. Cooper of Beloit, who performs more marriage ceremonies than any other probate judge within a hundred miles. In Kansas the probate judge is empowered to tie the nuptial



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The FAMILY LAUNDRY
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knit. Mrs. Cooper serves in that office for her county. Couples from other counties often engage her services. She leaves out the word "obey" for she declares it's a relic of the times when a woman was a chattel. "Nowadays," says Mrs. Judge Cooper, "the word is puerile in the marriage vow. If a woman loves a man she will obey him; if not, no silly vow will alter the sad and grim condition."

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O. F. Hale, Gill,
Lower (west) Erving
Post Office (Lyman) Warwick,
Druggist, Winchester, N. H.,
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Those living beyond who may wish the name of their local agent will be supplied from a list of 2327 other dealers in New England who always carry it in stock.

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Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church Notes

Services will be held in the Unitarian church next Sunday morning.

Rev. Elliott W. Brown, D. D., will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society met at Mrs. Chas. Stebbins on Wednesday. Mrs. Higgins led the devotions. Papers were read on the subject of Mexico and her people by Mrs. A. G. Moody, Mrs. Houghton and Mrs. Richardson.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian Church was held on Wednesday. The following officers were elected: Pres., Mrs. C. C. Stearns, V. Pres., Mrs. Julia Proctor, Cor. Sec., Mrs. C. H. Webster, Rec. Sec. Miss Fanny Green, Treas., Miss Gertrude Ball, Directors, Mrs. Leila Allen, Mrs. B. F. Field, and Mrs. Geo. Alderman. Miss Margaret Brainard is expected to address the Alliance on May 4.

New Book by Paul D. Moody.

The publication of "The First Easter Sermon," an address by Paul Dwight Moody, will be welcomed not only by those who have heard the address delivered and urged Mr. Moody to have it put in print, but also by all who are interested in this timely topic.

Mr. Moody finds his theme in the words of Mary Magdalene: "I have seen the Lord," that first Easter morning. After tracing the story he draws several lessons, and makes applications for believers today. A striking poem by Richard LeGallienne is quoted with the author's consent.

The book is published by Northfield Press, and has a dainty white leather cover with emblematic lily design in gold stamping. The large clean print and wide margins make it attractive and readable. The price is 30 cents.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D. D., is to be one of the speakers at the General Conference for Christian Workers (Aug. 4 to 21). Among other speakers definitely engaged for this conference are the Revs. J. Stuart Holden and E. B. H. Macpherson of London; Rev. George Truett of Dallas, Texas. It is hoped that Rev. John A. Hutton, M. A., of Glasgow and Rev. G. A. Johnson, Ross, M. A., of Bryn Mawr, Pa., may be present for a part of the time. It is purposed to continue the daily ministers' meetings, which were such a blessing in 1909. This year they will be conducted by Rev. J. Stuart Holden. The Northfield Young Women's Conference, July 6 to 14, will have as a daily morning lecturer Rev. J. Stuart Holden. In the evening the Conference will be addressed by different speakers. Dr. J. Monro Gibson of London, who will be present July 19 to 24, will deliver a series of daily Bible lectures.—RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK.

The Wicked Multiplication Table.
A minister was hearing his Sunday school repeat the catechism one Sunday preceding confirmation when a boy from the class of small children ventured to ask a question of the minister.

Turning to the clergyman, the boy inquired in an anxious tone, "Why does the multiplication table make people wicked?"

The minister thought at first that the child had taken occasion to propound a conundrum at a most unseemly time and was about to reprove him when the earnestness of the expression in the upturned face assured him that the question was asked in good faith and required a reply.

"Why do you ask such a question, John? I never knew it to do so," he said.

John turned to his catechism and read from it with a mystified air the question, "Did man grow worse as he began to multiply?" and the accompanying answer, "He did."

Warwick

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wood of Wilton, N. H., have moved into the house recently vacated by Mrs. Frank Whitney.

Mr. George Kingsbury of Athol spent Sunday with F. O. Bennett.

Miss Elsie Williams returned Wednesday to Northampton for the spring term at Smith college.

Mrs. Fanny Davidson is entertaining her aunt, Miss Clara Qualey.

Children's night at the Grange Friday night was a success. After the business meeting prizes were awarded the children for articles they had made; they were then served with ice cream and cake in the banquet hall, after which they gave an entertainment and an auction of their articles was then held.

Miss Minnie Ball was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Harris and family have been spending the Easter vacation at Chief Pullen's place.

A supper and entertainment was held in the vestry of the Unitarian Church Wednesday evening. Miss Elsie Williams had charge of the entertainment which consisted of singing and recitations followed by a monologue with tableaux entitled, "His Sweethearts."

Mrs. Frank Whitney and family left town Saturday for their new home in Drewsville, N. H.

Mrs. W. H. Manning and Mrs. Lucian Manning are visiting for a few days in Millers Falls.

Mrs. Woodfall, from Conn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Manning.

Mr. and Mrs. Romie Woodard spent the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Worden.

Northfield Farms

Miss Ethel Jackson has been a recent guest of her aunt, Mrs. Hammond.

Mrs. Delany and daughter of Orange have been visiting relatives in Northfield and at the Farms.

Miss Adella Hawes returned to her work in Northampton on Monday.

The Benevolent Society met with Mrs. Inez Holton last Wednesday.

There will be a dance at Union Hall April 12.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ware are Burton Ware and family of Orange, Mrs. Rice of Athol and Miss Ella Ware.

Much sympathy is expressed by the many friends of Mrs. Hattie J. Hosley of Orange, in the sudden death of her husband last week. Her former home was in Northfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hart, were in Orange to attend the wedding of a sister.

South Vernon

Rev. and Mrs. A. E. Phelps are spending a few days this week with their daughter in Westfield, Mass.

Topic for Loyal Workers meeting next Sunday evening is, "Brotherly Love." Leader, Miss Elsie Burnham.

Miss Florence March has returned to her school after several weeks vacation.

Mrs. E. A. Pratt is ill with influenza.

Harry Field has gone to Northfield Farms to work for Chas. Tenney.

Guy Johnson has purchased D. W. Parker's 5 room house and expects to move in soon.

Mount Hermon.

Prof. Dickenson has gone to Washington and Baltimore in the interest of Mt. Hermon and the summer conferences.

The juniors were entertained at a sugaring off last Monday evening at Prof. Wagar's.

Miss Shaw of the Northfield Seminary spent the Easter vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Drury.

Commencement week begins April 15, at 7.30 p. m., with the Alumni Prize debate; class day exercises and prize declamations on Saturday; anniversary sermon by Rev. Dr. Geo. L. Cady of Boston and Y. M. C. A. service on Sunday; commencement exercises, principal's reception and concert on Monday.

Impressing the Public.

"A statesman never looks really impressive," said the student of human nature, "unless he has a distinctive beard or mustache or a bald head."

"I suppose," replied the suffragette contemptuously, "that you are trying to think up another silly reason why women should not go into politics."—New York Journal.

Punishment.

Little Johnny,
In the yard,
Kicked his sister
Good and hard.

"She wasn't bad,"
Was Johnny's bluff—
"But she will be when
She's old enough!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Gems In Verse

PARIS RESURGENS.

BACK to thy pristine beauty,
Rise from the waters and slime,
City, where laughter is duty,
Child of long travail and time.
Out of the ages destructive,
Down from the shadowy past,
Manifold remnant constructive,
Thou for long ages shalt last.

What is thy word to the nations?
What is the goal thou hast set,
Seeking in all thy creations
Beauty to make us forget?
Is it but beauty thou teachest?
Shall we not read in thy story
That which, unconscious, thou preachest,
Liberty, courage and glory?

Northmen have sacked thee and harassed.
Where are the northmen today?
They have the English embarrassed.
They, too, have faded away.
Huguenots, Leaguers and Frondisers,
Each have fought, labored and died.
Jacobins, Mountain, Girondists
Lie in their grave side by side.

Still in thy beauty undaunted,
Young with the wisdom of age,
Hopeful yet memory haunted,
Turn thou the unwritten page.
Rise to thy unfulfilled mission,
Phoenix of hope and of youth,
Follow thy worldwide ambition,
Teach us that beauty is truth.
—W. W. Whitlock in New York Times.

PRAYER.

THREE doors there are in the temple,
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer gate
May enter by either way.

THERE are some that pray by asking.
They lie on the Master's breast,
And, shunning the strife of the lower life,
They utter their cry for rest.

THERE are some that pray by seeking.
They doubt where their reason falls,
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer,
To touch the print of the nails.

THERE are some that pray by knocking.
They put their strength to the wheel,
For they have not time for thoughts sublime,
They can only act what they feel.

FATHER, give each his answer,
Each in his kindred way,
Adapt thy light to his form of night
And grant him his needed day.
—William Watson.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

THAT is your father, dear,
Just going out the door.
Oh, he's been living here
For seven years or more!
In business he's so deep
He has not time to fret
With little girls, but keep
Up hope—we'll meet him yet.

That is your mother, dear,
Just getting in the car.
She knows that you are here
And also who you are;
But, what with clubs to meet
And bridge to play, you see,
But, there, my dear; don't fret
Or let those blue eyes blur.

But, there, my dear; don't fret
Or let those blue eyes blur.
Some time I know you'll get
Acquainted, too, with her.
When angels vigil keep
She asked if you're all right
And when you went to sleep.

I think you'd like them both.
I think they'd both like you.
But, what with "higher growth"
And many things to do,
They're simply rushed to death.
But, there, my dear; don't cry.
If they should stop for breath
We'll meet them by and by.
—New York Times.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN.

I AM sick of the noise in the long gray
street, where the crowd floods up and
down,
And I long for the touch of untainted
winds in the little trodden lands.
I am tired of the frigid, unchanging rules
and the thousand eyes of town.
I would go to a place where the men
are men and hold their lives in their
hands.

I WOULD go to the life which is quite
alive, the world that is all around.
I must break myself free of this mincing
dance where one may not step
aside
Dut of fear of the million fools that yelp
from their kennels custom bound
To the naked noon and the throbbing
night and the life where the world
is wide!
—Dorothea Mackellar.

THE RETURN FROM ELBA.

HE is coming back from Elba,
From that faroff tropic shore,
Where the lyre bird is singing
And where only lions roar.
He went for big game only,
Where the forest monsters roam,
Yet at no time quite forgetting
There was bigger game at home.

REFRAIN.

He is coming back from Elba,
With his sword and mouth and pen,
And, you bet, on his arrival,
There'll be something doing then.

There's a red fox in the senate,
There's a gray one in the house,
There's a porcupine in Kansas
And a California mouse,
There's a wildcat in Wisconsin,
Indiana holds a jug
That is showing signs of bursting
With a local option bug,
There's a rabbit in Kentucky,
In Ohio there are rats,
And the Illinois beffy
Is overrun with bats,
There's a possum in the White House,
With a cat and dog all round,
And a Democratic donkey
That is pawing up the ground.
—W. J. Lampton in New York Times.

Modern.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey.
A little bit later
A pure food demonstrator
Frightened Miss Muffet away.
—Life.

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same policy of first-class work at rea-
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THE LATEST FAD IN FASHIONDOM IS THE SO CALLED TUNIC DRESS.



THE very latest fad in the fashion world is the tunic dress. The appellation is something of a misnomer, for the costume is really a fully equipped gown, generally of the lingerie type, over which is a coatlike effect, lately known as a tunic, falling over part of the bodice and skirt. The frock illustrated has a tunic drapery worn over a trailing costume of champagne chiffon cloth. This drapery is of black brussels net striped with tracings of jet. A band of jetted black velvet outlines the entire garment.

TIDBITS OF FASHION.

Apron Overskirt Draperies on Skirts Are Only For the Youthful Figure.

Those cute little apron overskirts that remind one of the stage waitress will be popular for girls this summer. To my way of thinking only a waist on the gümpe order should be chosen for use with such a skirt in short apron effect if one preserves that girlish appearance.

Pongees are apparently to be epidemic once more. The popularity of ameleon effects—changeable two or three toned colorings—is reflected among the shantungs and volles, silk mousselines, chiffon cloths, crapes, tafetas, etc.

Some good looking tailor made suits have coats with square cut necks. The

THE NEW LINGERIE.

Hand Embroidery the Latest Touch on the Smartest Spring Lingerie.

Nearly all the new underlinen is trimmed with handmade embroidery, and very pretty effects are thus gained. Little and good seems to be the trimming rule of the new lingerie, no matter what the decoration used.

Baby ribbon for threading through lingerie has gone out. Inch wide soft satin ribbon has taken its place.

Many of the smartest corset covers have sleeves that come to the elbow



PRACTICAL FOR MORNING WEAR.

coat crosses in a square line on the chest, and the collar runs around the back and down each side in front.

This is a sensible and attractive summer frock for the small girl. The neck may be cut high if desired and the sleeves long. There are bloomers that accompany the dress.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes for children of two, four and six years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 666, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.



FROCK FOR SMALL TOTS.

and can be worn as slips under transparent blouses.

Such a dainty little frock as this one is sure to find admirers. It is made of lawn and trimmed with combined embroidery and lace banding. The Dutch neck and short sleeves are fascinating when worn over dimpled necks and arms, but the dress could be made high and with long sleeves if greater warmth is needed.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in sizes for wee tots of one, two and four years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 667, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Gems In Verse

THE SPRING CALL.

WHAT was it made me drop the spade and lift me head to look again?
Was it blowing of the west wind or a bird song true?
(O Redbreast, how you sang it till the bough beneath you shook again!)
"Ah, spring's come back to Kerry, lad, and all the world's made new!"

"Then it's Hi Terry, Ho Terry, here's the open road for you!
Leave the old men have the roof and hug the chimney seat.
Then it's Hi Terry, Ho Terry, here's a tinker's load for you—
A ragged coat, a merry heart and dancing in your feet!"

Bure all the little willow trees have on their willows green again,
All the little clacking brooks are urging as they run.
They're calling me, they're coaxing me,
"Oh, follow now we're seen again
And spring's come back to Kerry with the west wind and the sun!"

"Then it's Hi Terry, Ho Terry, here's a tinker's meal for you—
The sound of singing fiddles at the crossroads the day.
The lightest feet the parish round tripping through the reel for you!
Ah, clap a primrose in your cap and throw the spade away!"
—Theodosia Garrison.

FOUR YEARS.

AT the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I mournfully: "My life is at its prime,
Yet bare lie my meadows, shorn before the time.
In my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown.
It is the hot midsummer, and the hay is down."

AT the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the streamlet, young and very fair,
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch boughs—all in her simple gown,
For it was midsummer, and the hay was down.

AT the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, close into my breast.
Low piled the thunderclouds had drifted to the west;
Red eyed outglared the sun, like knight from leaguered town.
That eve in high midsummer when the hay was down.

IT is midsummer. All the hay is down.
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying, "God shield thee till we meet in paradise!"
Bless her in love's name who was my brief life's crown,
And I go at midsummer when the hay is down.
—Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

THE SPRINGS OF LONG AGO.

COME near, O sun! O south wind, blow!
And be the winter's captives freed!
Where are the springs of long ago?

Drive underground the lingering snow,
And up the greensward legions lead.
Come near, O sun! O south wind, blow!
Are these the skies we used to know,
The budding wood, the fresh blown mead?

Where are the springs of long ago?
The breathing furrow will we sow
And patient wait the patient seed.
Come near, O sun! O south wind, blow!

The grain of vanished years will grow,
But not the vanished years, indeed!
Where are the springs of long ago?

With sudden leafage, lying low,
They for remembrance faintly plead.
Come near, O sun! O south wind, blow!
Where are the springs of long ago?
—Edith M. Thomas.

STICK TO THE FARM.

"**S**TICK to your farm," says the president
To the wide eyed farmer boy;
Then he hies him back to his White House home,
With his air of rustic joy.

"**S**TICK to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hies him back on the double quick
To his rustic private car.

"**S**TICK to the farm," says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm fence perch,
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"**S**TICK to the farm," says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.
—McLanburgh Wilson.

WORK.

WHAT are we set on earth for?
Say, to toil,
Nor seek to leave thy tending
Of the vines,
For all the heat o' day till it declines

And death's mild curfew shall from work assail.
God did anoint thee with his odoriferous oil
To wrestle, not to reign, and he assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand.

From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Appreciated.

Tabb—Old boy, I want to congratulate you on your speech at the banquet last night. O'Sudds (after waiting a moment) I know you do, pard, and you're awfully sorry you can't do it truthfully. I appreciate the effort, just the same. Nasty weather, isn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance. *Freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL* during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

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COASTER-BRAKES, equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.

\$8.50 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF \$4.80
SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES
NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$5.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.56 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at **OUR** expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING A BICYCLE** or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write **NOW**.

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and take no other.

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Two Convincing Reasons.
Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very frolicsome, and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself. This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them, he said:
"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only 5 guineas in my pocket, and, in the second, they are heartily at your service."

Patroness of Music.

The origin of music is lost in antiquity. Among civilized people it is probably to be traced to the ancient Egyptian priests, who employed this art in their religious rites and ceremonies. From the Egyptians the Greeks and the Romans derived their knowledge of music. The ancient Hebrews probably took with them into Palestine some of the songs they had learned in Egypt. The hymns used in the temple formed the basis of the melodies of the early Christian church, and from these hymns was formulated the first authoritative musical system. St. Cecilia is termed the patroness of music.—Exchange.

There is a snake belonging to the small family caudine, inhabiting Africa, that is said to have the power of ejecting its venom to a short distance. This snake is called by the Dutch Boers "spuw slang," or spitting snake. When this snake erects its teeth the pressure of the maxillary bone on the gland causes the venom to flow in drops, and it may be quite possible that by discharging air from its mouth the poison may be blown some distance.

The Gypsies.

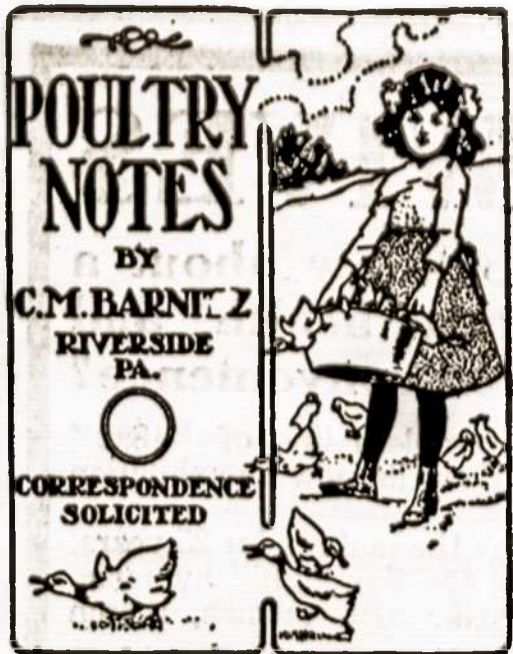
The origin of the people known as gypsies remains largely a mystery. Egypt, India, Persia and Arabia have in turn been pointed out as their original country, but there is little definite knowledge on the subject. The weight of evidence is in favor of their having originated in India. They first appeared in Europe about 1400 and from the Danube region spread all over the continent, appearing in England about 1520.

Effective.

"The climax to his wooing was very romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."
"What did she do?"
"She threw him over."—Baltimore American.

Retort Photographic.

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.
"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.
"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."



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BUNGLING WITH BROODY BIDDY.

It's a miracle to many how an old hen will steal off to a brush heap, sit out in all kinds of weather and come off her stolen nest with every egg hatched, but it's simply because there were no humans round to bungle the job.

As sure as spring comes criticisms of the cluck begin and poets pose her as

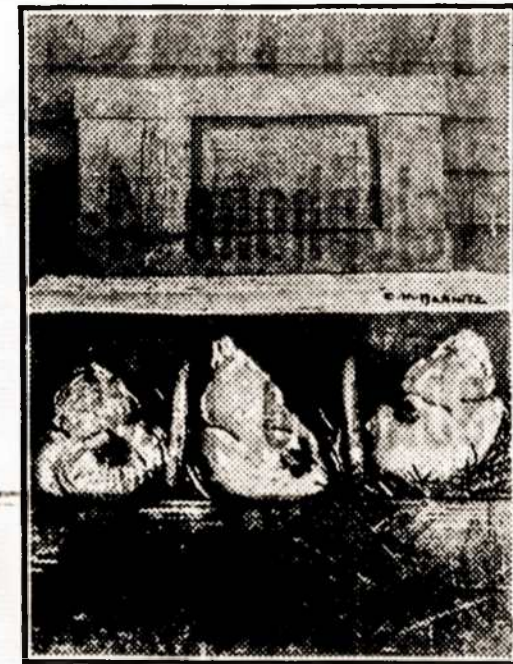


TOO BIG FOR THE NEST.

perverse, when it's really the reverse; it's a case of bungling with Biddy. These bunglers set eggs that are too old, chilled, infertile, misshapen, from weakly stock or they set good eggs in dirty, lousy nests.

Hens of low vitality, without sufficient blood heat to hatch any or livable chicks, are set; those that are too flighty to sit steadily or too awkward or clumsy to move carefully among the fragile eggs or the hens are given too many eggs, so that all become chilled in turn.

Hens are set in boxes so small that they cannot turn safely, and the eggs pile on top of each other and are crushed, or layers are not excluded, and fresh and set eggs are mixed, broken, chilled and all spoiled. The cluck is not always feed and watered properly, is not often dusted for lice



SITTING IN COMFORT.

and is frequently set in an old nest where red mites most "eat 'er up."

While a few hens are perverse temper testers, the majority are ready to make good if given a fair chance.

Study your hen in the following particulars: Is she a broody breed, proper size, vigorous, quiet, steady and has she a motherly disposition?

The hen that is not willing to wear her breastbone to a frazzle on a corn-cob or a tin can should not be set.

Old hens are more faithful than pullets, and eggs may be freely trusted to the hen that allows handling and sits where you choose to place her nest.

DON'TS.

Don't get rattled when trade gets dull and sell fine birds for a song. Prosperity will come along.

Don't think women know nothing about chickens. You'll be fooled like the dickens.

Don't let frozen droppings accumulate under the roosts. They give roup, germs a boost.

Don't neglect egg testing. One rank egg in a machine can spoil a whole hundred, and the time lost knocks your early laying pullets.

Don't use a hatchet to kill your market fowls. Stick them back of the ear or through the brain with a sharp pointed blade.

Don't take up and advertise a new variety in a hurry. You may get bit and nit for your worry.

Don't forget that there are swindlers in every line. Beware of the man who offers a cheap gold mine.

Don't stand off and storm when facts are against you. Hunt a technicality and slip slyly through.

Don't sell stale eggs and not expect to be found out. You'll soon be going up the spout.

Don't ship fowls to customers in a heavy crate. You'll lose trade and they'll execrate.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. I can hardly get my hens to eat anything but corn, and they will pick it out of a mixed ration first and hardly touch the rest. Why do they like corn best?

A. It is just the right size and shape to be swallowed easily, has no husk, is a bright, attractive color, is full of oil and sugar and, having a sweet flavor and seeming easy to digest, must just hit the spot. But ask the hen.

Q. I am trying to rear pheasants and wish some information. I am told to feed acorns. Do they relish them? I understand the English feed them maggots. Where do they get them?

A. They love acorns, but only a few should be given to birds in confinement, as they cause intestinal inflammation. They skin a horse, hang it up till the blowflies do their work, then bury it near the surface so maggots can crawl through. The pheasants do the rest. Maggots aren't used for feed on this side.

Q. Which do you consider the best plan for starting a modern poultry plant?

A. The best plan is to start on a small scale until you acquire practical experience sufficient to conduct the business, enlarging as you succeed, or hire a well tried, practical poultryman at the start to plan everything and manage the business on a scientific, up to date, must pay basis.

Q. Last spring I set fifteen eggs under a hen and fifty of the same eggs in an incubator. The hen hatched every egg, but twenty-six of the incubator eggs contained full formed dead checks. Why is this?

A. The incubator or its operator was a nature faker.

Q. I have seen it stated that chickens can stand any amount of dust. Is this true?

A. While a small quantity of dust does not affect the flock, much of it causes catarrhal troubles.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

It is a wise plan to have such hatching facilities that incubation may be all done at one time or in March, April and May, according to the purpose for which the fowls are intended. Market fowls are thus more uniform in size, and pullets mature and lay at about the same time.

Selling other people's eggs to your own private trade is often like retailing other people's tales. The eggs are often unfryable as the stories often unreliable.

At the winter shows much stock changes hands. There is also often much change in the stock when a customer takes it home and the disappearing bleach reveals the brass backs.

When county fair associations inform exhibitors to show adult poultry without washing them it will be but common sense. Washing birds in molt not only injures the tender quills, but gives many of them fatal chills.

The accumulation of pigeon droppings until the floors are caked with thick layers seems to be a custom with many so called scientific squab farmers. The only way to clean up dollars is to clean up quarters.

In locating a poultry plant you should not only note the nature of the soil and the direction the land lies, but make sure of an adequate water supply for people and poultry. From June to Dec. 13 there was but little rain in this region, yet our supply of pure, cold, soft water never failed.

When roosts are set right over the floor and the droppings accumulate the bad air and moisture from them are soon seen in ravages of catarrh and roup. Through such carelessness a neighbor lost forty fine fowls.

Poor trade conditions and lack of work so affected English poultry shows the past season that many exhibitors had only half the entries of last year. In this country shows were larger and more numerous than ever.

There are so many originators of systems advertising the products of their genius that it is hard to keep track of them all. All of them "bid fair to revolutionize the present poultry methods" and promise a big profit to every square inch. Better beware of a snare and keep your dollar and dime for that rainy time.

The Philadelphia Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock association offered nine cash prizes for the best dozen eggs, white and brown, and of the leading varieties.

England and France have many great shows where only eggs and dressed poultry are exhibited. It is time for poultrymen of this country to follow suit, as such are here seen only at certain experiment stations.

E. M. Barnitz.

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Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

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Also an assortment of sheet, drop and pad calendars, from a few cents up.

Standard diaries for 1910.

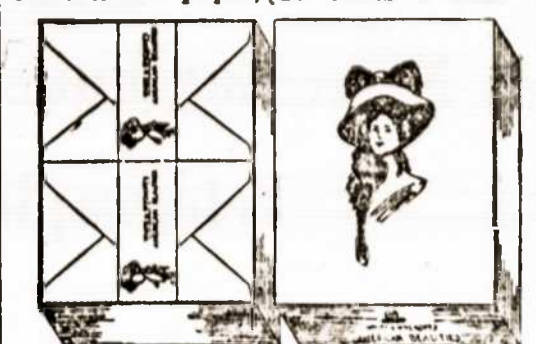
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Paper and envelopes in holly boxes, 25 cents up.

Engraved "Northfield" and "East Northfield" paper, 25 cents a box.



"American Beauties," superior quality paper and envelopes, only 25 cents per box, as long as they last!

Desk pads, inkstands, perpetual calendars, pen-knives, etc.

Sealing wax in holly boxes, 25 cts.

Standard boxed paper and envelopes from 10 cts. up, and of tablets and pads in all sizes and prices.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Juvenile books in paper and cloth, colored illustrations, etc.

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Prices from \$18 up.

The new "Elite" Grafonola, \$100.

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Double-disc records, 65 cents.

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New records every month.

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Playing Cards.

One who has given the study of the history of cards much attention states that it is not true that cards were invented to amuse Charles VII. of France when he lost his reason on account of a severe sunstroke. This was in 1303, and he claims that cards were invented many years prior to this. An edict prohibiting the use of cards was published by John I. of Castile in 1387, and in 1404 the English parliament forbade their importation.

The pack consisted at various times of thirty-six cards, forty-eight among the Germans, who omitted the aces, and the Spaniards, who had no ten spots, and finally fifty-two. Cards were long known as the "book of the four kings." They were also called quarters, having reference to the four suits, and from this, it is supposed, came the word cards in English. Cards were first brought to America by the Spanish discoverers. There is an old legend that Columbus on the night before he made the land kept himself awake by gaming, and Herrera relates that when Montezuma was made prisoner by Cortes in 1519 he took great pleasure in seeing the Spanish soldiers play at cards.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUERY.

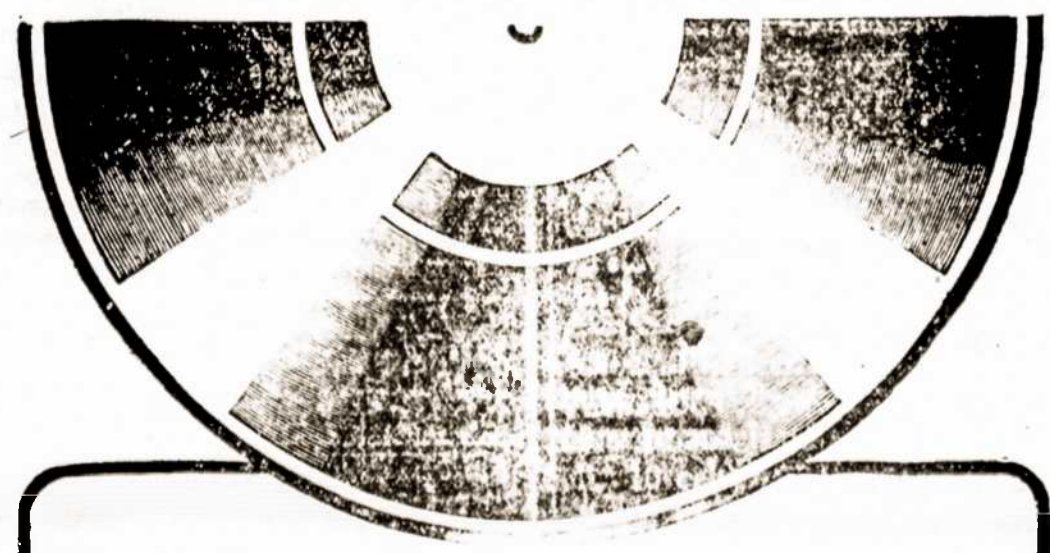
IF soft, sweet music can be caught And in a rubber record wrought, So that when we're in need of song To ease the pressure of some wrong By winding up an instrument We get the comfort therein pent, Why may not some inventor make A record winter's breeze to take, Fresh blown across the ice and snow, To ease our supererfervid woe That August brings and in our clime Makes Fahrenheit work overtime? —Selected.

Cruel Blow.

"Are you aware of the fact," remarked Miss Cutting, "that I am a mind reader?"

"Nevah suspected it, weally," answered young Softleigh. "Would you—aw—object to weading my mind, doncher know?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "Bring it with you the next time you call."



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fit any "talking machine" and make it sound almost as good as the Columbia Graphophone.

The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

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ANY ONE — musical or not — guaranteed to read sheet music in TEN Lessons. A system entirely new. No more long hours of practice as by the old methods taught everywhere today.

The lessons CAN NOT be obtained at any price unless you become a purchaser of one of our pianos. We carry a No. 1 line, such as the Sohmer, Starr, Richmond, Draper, Cole, McPhail, etc., at all prices.

The TEN LESSONS are given absolutely free to PURCHASERS ONLY of a \$50.00 square, second hand piano up to a Sohmer Baby Grand.

We guarantee to sell any one a piano 10 per cent. cheaper than other firms, as we sell direct from factory and thus save you the jobber's profit.

All goods delivered FREE in your own home and two lessons given for demonstration before you decide to buy.

If you cannot learn in ten lessons we do not care to sell. If any one in your home has tried to learn the piano and has not been successful in reading notes WE GUARANTEE we can teach him, or her, and it will cost you nothing to find out.

We are making our headquarters here for only four months at Mr. Frank Harness's farm, Northfield. Address Box 155, Northfield, and agent will call.

Remember our guarantee.

EVERYBODY, young or old, will play popular sheet music in ten lessons.

Bates and Mitchell Piano Co.
of Boston.

Donnell and Davis

Our display of Trimmed Millinery was never more varied and attractive than now.

Specially interesting is our showing of Children's and Young Misses' Hats.

As one of our trimmers was in New York over Easter you can readily see we are in position to give you absolutely correct ideas.

Donnell and Davis
Brattleboro, Vt.

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE

on Nature's way; the wild birds mate in April and experience teaches that domesticated fowl also hatch best in the Spring months.

YOU CAN IMPROVE

your poultry and increase the egg yield by hatching selected eggs from standard-bred Rhode Island Red hens.

GEORGE R. WITTE,
Near Wanamaker Lake
EAST NORTHFIELD

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

GOOD luck is the gayest of all gay girls. Long in one place she will not stay. Back from your brow she strokes the curls, Kisses you quick and flies away.

BUT Mme. Bad Luck soberly comes And stays; no fancy has she for flitting. Snatches of true love songs she hums And sits by your bed and brings her knitting.

—John Hay.

Skyscraper Love.

On the thirtieth floor I sit, Thinking, Nellie, dear, of you, Who are pounding at the keys so far away. You are on the seventh floor. Where you still can hear the roar Of the traffic that is surging all the day.

Once a year or so we meet In the morning or at night When the elevator's crowded, Nellie, dear If between us rolled the sea Just as near to you I'd be As I am while toiling far above you here.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Vaccination and Marriage.

In Sweden and Norway a legal marriage is not allowed to be solemnized till both parties produce certificates attesting that they bear genuine vaccination marks.

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Send us an insignificant half dollar and for six long months you will get this paper.

Send us a quarter — oh, say, send us anything.

C. W. Mattoon, with characteristic generosity, presented the Press Office with a handsome bouquet of wild flowers on Wednesday which were the first to be picked this season.

Next Tuesday evening at the Grange meeting the Potato will be the topic. There will be a Potato Contest, and a Potato Supper. Papers will be read on the Cultivation of Potatoes, Best Varieties etc. Since the Potato is a potent factor in the world's progress and civilization and an inspiration to morality it is expected that every granger will be present.

pieces and to decipher them only in little bits here and there. The box and its almost ruined contents are interesting relics, and the proper place for them would seem to be in the library museum, where it is to be hoped they may be deposited by their owners.

The presence of the San Jose scale in Brattleboro continues to be the chief topic of conversation among gardeners, orchard men and all who are interested in preserving the natural beauties of the village. Since the visit of State Commissioner of Agriculture O. L. Martin of Plainfield and Prof. Cummings, the state nursery inspector, a thorough examination of the conditions has been made by Tree Warden George Bishop. The state officials found the scales in various yards in the north part of town and Mr. Bishop found a general infestation on Prospect Hill. None of the scale was found south of Pine street or in Esteyville and it does not appear to have spread further westward than the junction of High and Green streets. On the North it is bounded by the Retreat and by the Bradley farm. It is possible that other small sections may be found to be infested outside the village. The scales are carried from tree to tree by birds and from now on the dissemination will be more general than it has been during the colder months. —Brattleboro Phoenix.

One Sided.

"Women have all the best of it." "How do you make that out?" "Well, nearly every day some millionaire marries a poor actress, but you never hear of an heiress marrying a poor actor." —Detroit Free Press.

The Fan's Preference.

You are waiting to hear the first robin. I don't care for robins at all. I shall feel that life still is worth living when I hear the ump holler, "Play ball!"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Blunder of Thetis.

Achilles explained his vulnerability. "Just like a woman!" he cried. "Ma was so dead set on washing my ears that she overlooked my heel." Thus the famous immunity bath proved a fizzle. —New York Sun.

The Kilowatt.

A kilowatt almost exactly equals one and one-third horsepower.

Straight Hair.

Straight hair was considered by the ancients as a mark of the god's displeasure. Hair which was straight before sickness will sometimes grow curly afterward.

Helpful Hints For Playgrounds.

The universal impulse to play is a divinely ordered thing. If God gives the instinct man ought to provide the playground.

Man plays only where he is a human being in the fullest sense of the word, and he has reached full humanity only when he plays.

It would be difficult to find any point at which in our large cities a dollar will go further in the making of those things for which the city exists than in the provision and maintenance of playgrounds.

In these playgrounds and in their work lie the beginning of social redemption of the people in large cities. They furnish the spectacle of a city saving itself; of the people of a great city finding nature and God by finding their neighbors and themselves.

Here lies the function of the playground. It gives the individual the opportunity for mastery of his body under conditions of increasing difficulties in its varied physical activities. It also gives the opportunity for the social experiences of democracy of self and group government. It is the school for physical and social self discovery and self direction.

There is another point of view which maintains that no matter how great the cost the value of the boy saved is inestimably beyond it. This point of view is suggested by that Master of practical life who knew full well the value of money, even the widow's mite. For what shall it profit a city if it gain the whole world and lose the souls of its children?

Long Distance.

"Young gentlemen," announced the professor in English literature, "tomorrow I wish you to come prepared to discuss this sentence from the works of Henry James."

"The entire sentence, professor?" groaned the class.

"Well, take it as far as the first semicolon." —Pittsburg Post.

Papa's Pet.

"Fifteen-two and, a pair makes four," said Subbubs, who was playing cribbage with Popley. "What have you in your crib?"

"Ah," replied Popley absentmindedly. "Just the sweetest little ootsums-tootsums girl in the world!" —Catholic Standard and Times.

In Former Times.

King Solomon he handed down Some very fine decrees, But he held away before the day Of technicalities.

They hadn't got hair splitting then So absolutely pat. One might condense some common sense And let it go at that.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Much Concerned.

Dash—The Blinks must buy every thing on the installment plan.

Blank—What makes you think so? Dash—I heard Jimmy Blinks ask his father whether their new baby would be taken away if they couldn't keep up the payments. —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

The Peddler's Philosophy.

Not all-a guy can own a fruit-a store. Don't have-a mad if you must push-a cart. The ripe banana once-a was-a green. Then smile-a smile and get-a glad-a heart.

—New York Tribune.

Not a Progressive.

"Wouldn't a railway increase the population of this village?" asked the enterprising person.

"Dunno's it would," replied the native. "It 'ud be a constant temptation to a lot of us inhabitants to get away."

—Washington Star.

HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.



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